

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
 Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
 His love too, long ago. I'm old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only by obedience. What can happen
 To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies
 Make me a curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one ?
 A woman (I dare say without vainglory)
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king ? lov'd him next heav'n ? obey'd him ?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour ; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to : nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
 Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
 What shall become of me now ! wretched lady !
 I am the most unhappy woman living. —
 Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ? [*to her Women.*
 Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope ! no kindred weep for me !
 Almost no grave allow'd me ! like the lily,

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